

The Missionary Helper

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE
FREE BAPTIST WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY

DORIS ELIZABETH FOLSOM, EDITOR

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No. 7

This Day Shall Not Pass

BY OTTO P. GEIER

*The world but yesterday sprang into mad disorder,
Today the human race plans lasting peace.
But at what a cost—five million dead and more
Have paid the bitter price, that we might 'Carry on.'
Yon days were full of evil strife for class and self,
This day fills full our minds with thought of Common Good.
Our eyes then frankly veiled themselves to weal or woe
Unlike this day when hearts pulsate with Will to Help.
Made answer yesterday to calls, "let others help;"
Know now Democracy demands that Each Must Serve.
That day condoned disease, the weak, civic slackness,
This day demands fit men, full life, a city clean.
On yesterday we dreamed ours a Democracy,
The part we play now visions its realities.
Of what avail if freedom gain the whole wide world,
If after all we now should lose our soul's new gain?
A call to arms—to hold this hard won outpost 'gainst
Selfish thought, indifference—death to social ends.
You of today—beware—will lapse to you of yore
Unless with steadfast will, all pledge anew each morn,
This Day Shall Not Pass.*

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

An Americanism—Work! In a quotation from the current issue of the *Red Cross Magazine*, we read that “America stands for work,” and that „today America faces the biggest job of her history—the work of Peace.” Of what does the month of July remind us? Once again of our America, the land of our love and pride; of the nation which was born for freedom and liberty, and which through the years has ever worked toward the promotion of that ideal. This year we have an added cause for rejoicing, in the great work for World Liberty, and in the Peace after war. Yet today we face our “biggest job—the work of Peace.”

The recent war has still further glorified work, co-operation, and courage, and is now leaving workers together, with an opportunity before us. Our opportunity includes the enlargement of the Christian groups. The June number of the *Woman's Missionary Friend* gives us a brief account of a wounded soldier who “was only speaking to God?” Then it says, “The gift of religion which enables us to refer to speaking to God, as a common thing, is the secret of the success of our work, at home and on the field. An old idea of Christianity was that it made a man fit to die. We of the later day know that religion fits a man to live for God and his fellow men. The gift of service goes hand in hand with the gift of religion.” So our opportunity includes the spreading of the “religion which fits a man to live for God and his fellow men,” both here and in far away lands.

What our opportunity also includes for America at home, is illustrated by a letter from Miss Mosher, who has recently been carrying on functions of entertainment for a French Club and the French Marines, chaperoning a Swiss Club to a concert, visiting an ill member of the British Club, and serving on committees of Americanization.

The month of July—again a reminder.—Ocean Park this month becomes the center of our interest.—The eighteenth marks the beginning of the “Thirteenth Annual Conference of Missionary Education.” With its efficient speakers and workers, and with its ever growing popularity, this Conference is sure to be a satisfaction to its officers, and a benefit and inspiration to each delegate. Later in the month come the annual meetings of our Board and Society. We hope for a large attendance, and be-

side that, for very large interest and co-operation. The former is assured by the program arranged, and the latter by the great loyalty of our members.

Word has recently been received of the death of George S. Andrews, of Providence, R. I. After the death of his wife, Mrs. Ella H. Andrews, who served as the HELPER'S Publishing Agent for a number of years, Mr. Andrews was still closely connected with the magazine, as he and his daughter continued for a while Mrs. Andrews' work. We are sorry indeed to hear of his death, and to Mrs. Francis, his daughter, we extend our sympathy.

A BLESSED MINISTRY

BY HOPESTILL FARNHAM

If I might be a medium
Through which Thy love might go
Unto the least of little ones,
Who found Thee better so
Than in the silence of the soul
Or in the temple dim,
Not knowing, in their search for Christ
Where they may look for him.

If I might bring the Life divine
In touch with human needs
Which somehow failed to find it through
Partition walls of creeds;
Or to the tender Comforter
Draw those un comforted.
And to the starved and thirsty souls
Bear living wine and bread.

How beautiful the ministry,
How blessed were the hour
In which Thy Holy Spirit came
To quicken me with power!
But all unworthy must I be
Unless thou mak'st me white,—
Dear Lord, I open wide the door
For influx of the light.

O make my living crystal clear
Through which my love may shine,
Nor let thy rays deflected be
For any flaw of mine,
Till in my little day and place
Thy kingdom shall appear,
No longer doubtful and afar,
But proved now and here.

ALASKA

By Lena Fenner Dennett

Does the word suggest glaciers, snow-capped hills, ice bound rivers, furs, rein-deer, etc.? Very well, they are all here. But come with me to Alaska in July—now see green lawns nicely kept; fields ablaze with brilliant wild flowers—twenty and more varieties being found on a short hike; currants ripe on the hill-sides refresh our tramps; foliage in tropical profusion abounds on all sides; while in the well-kept gardens of residents sweet peas climb to nine feet and dahlias achieve a record-diameter of fourteen inches! And why not? The sun shines from twenty to twenty-four hours out of the twenty-four, and soft summer rains alternate with the sunshine.

The mercury registers 80 degrees one of the Sundays we are in Skagway, and other days are nearly as warm, making white dresses and regulation summer apparel the appropriate and comfortable garb. We eat peas and luscious strawberries fresh from the gardens, and huckleberry pies from berries of the year before.

But while we pick berries at one side of the road, on the other shady, sheltered side snow lies in patches; while tall slender wooded growth springs from the green hillsides, solid ice is the foundation but a few feet below the surface; but while our eyes wander o'er acres of glorious blooming beauties, lift them to the hills and there see immense glaciers hundreds of miles in extent. From the top of A. B. Mountain

back of Skagway where we stayed, twenty of these glaciers could be seen at once. But, although to-day in July we luxuriate in all-day and all-night sunshine, ahead are the long, long days and months of almost perpetual darkness. To-day the thermometer may say eighty above—and Alaska has four months of comfortable, happy summer-time—wait here, if you will till January and watch the mercury drop down to twenty-seven below, and, farther north at Dawson and Fairbanks, to sixty and seventy below! To-day a steamer trip down the Yukon River is one of the delightful experiences of a life-time, but, in a few brief week, tourists must all be out and supplies must all be in, for navigation is stopped, the river is frozen over, and so it remains for eight months of the year!

The 1000 mile trip to Alaska from Seattle to Skagway is one of the most restful journeys imaginable, land-locked seas, wooded islands, snow-covered mountains, surprising panoramic charges as the ship glides softly on amid the labyrinth of islands; glorious sunsets far into the night, and the absence of all human life save that on the ship by our side. Occasionally a sudden turn reveals a fishing hamlet, or a more pretentious settlement, such as Wrangell and Juneau, the latter the capital climbing to mountain background in dizzy terraces. Ancient Sitka, off the beaten line of traffic holds much of interest for the visitor. The old Greek Catholic Church—still attached to the Syrod of Moscow, contains icons of great antiquity and priceless value. But more interesting than these things of a dead past is the living institution of the Sheldon Jackson Memorial School for Indian boys and girls. We are here in the early morning in time to participate in the chapel devotions, and then be taken over the dormitories, class rooms, work shops, and the museum,—the articles here, impossible of duplication, gathered by Dr. Jackson himself in the early days. Just around the curve of the campus looking out to the blue waters of the fjord and across a little national park dotted with curious totems, is a row of modest, model cottages. These are the houses of the young folk of the school who have married and started new Christian homes. Twelve

boys of this school are in government service. Perhaps no other institution in Alaska does as much for the Indian people as the Sheldon Jackson School.

These Indians are Thlingets, a mixture, we are told, of American and Asiatic ancestry, and so long have they worked side by side with the Japanese in the fisheries industries, and inter-married with them, that there is little pure Thlinget blood left. About half the population of Alaska is white and half the Indian mixtures.

Our Baptist Mission is to the westward along Cook's Inlet, centering at Kodiak on Wood Island. The departure of the Russian Priests from this field, because of lack of support from Russia, removes an obstacle, and opens larger possibilities for our work. In the city of Skagway the prettiest of the four churches was built by Baptists. They are scattered now, the few remaining worshipping with the Presbyterian body. When it was learned that we were Baptists, hearts and homes were warmly open to us. And one Free Baptist young woman from Honey Creek, Wisconsin, was discovered through the telling of a story of James L. Phillips.

"Over the Top" in everything patriotic, Alaska is hard hit by the war,—men gone, activities paralyzed. But with the return of men and money a great future awaits this far north-western territory. And gold-laden Alaska as well as poverty-stricken India needs the Christ.

"It's the great big broad land, 'way up yonder,
It's the forests where silence has leash,
It's the beauty that fills me with wonder,
It's the beauty that fills me with peace!"

IN MEMORIAM

It is not death to die;
To leave this weary road,
And 'midst the brotherhood on high
To be at home with God.
Jesus, Thou Prince of Life!
Thy chosen cannot die;
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife
To reign with Thee on high.

—H. A. C. MALAN,

Mrs. Lydia M. Frost, Haverhill, Mass. April 12, 1919.

CALL

The annual meeting of the Board of Managers of the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society will be held in Porter Memorial Hall, Ocean Park, Monday, July 28, 1919, at 3 o'clock, P. M.

NELLSINE I. JOSE, Rec. Sec'y.

Portland, Me., June 9, 1919.

CALL

The annual meeting of the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society will be held in Jordan Memorial Hall, Ocean Park, Maine, Thursday, July 31, 1919 at 9 o'clock A. M., for the following purposes: to hear reports of officers and committees, for election of officers, and for such other business as may come before the meeting.

NELLSINE I. JOSE, Rec. Sec'y.

Portland, Me., June 9, 1919.

FREE BAPTIST WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY

"FAITH AND WORKS WIN"

Thursday, July 31. ANNUAL MEETING

- 9.00 A. M. Quiet Hour.
- 10.00 A. M. Reports of Officers and Committees, Editor and Publisher of MISSIONARY HELPER.
- 12.30 P. M. Luncheon, Porter Memorial Hall. Toasts—To our National Society—To our State Society—To our Conference Society—To our City or Village Society. Mrs. L. P. Durgin, Toastmistress.
- 2.00 P. M. Prayer. Election of Officers.
- 2.15 P. M. Music. Madam Calvert, Boston, Mass.
- 2.30 P. M. Presenting of visiting delegates.
Address. "Our India Family." Music, Madam Calvert.
Address. "Storer's Part in the World War."
- 8.00 P. M. Prayer. Music, Madam Calvert, Boston, Mass.
Presentation of Home Work
Address. Mrs. C. E. Bousfield, South China. (Mrs. Bousfield is a "live wire.")



MARIAM (MARY) CURTIS

By Mrs. Julia Phillips Burkholder

Write about Mariam? Why yes, gladly. Dear little Mariam! Blessed little faithful worker! During two cold seasons, she and I visited many distant villages. Together we traveled in the same bullock cart, living in the same tent. Together we walked many and many a mile over rough rice fields. A more faithful, untiring worker I never have known, always as ready in season and out of season to give the gospel message to the poor outcast as to the proud Bramin. Her

quiet, modest, unassuming, ladylike manner won for her a hearing wherever we went. Having been born in heathenism, she was well versed in their sacred writings, and was fully able to expose their false reasonings and worship. I have seen her stand fearlessly in their public markets and speak to the crowds that would gather, giving them the blessed message so clearly that all could understand. As we traveled along the high road she always kept a bundle of tracts close by, which she handed out one by one to the passers by, who read them as they went on their journey. She was always keen to watch for any village within reach of the road. Quietly she would say, "I think I had better go to that village. I may be able to give them tracts or sell them a gospel." The cart would stand in the shade of a tree, while she hurried away, hoping to find someone who would listen to her message.

One day stands out vividly in my memory. We had not been able to secure carts to carry our tents and other belongings to our next stopping place. Hence we packed all of our bullocks' backs, and started out soon after sunrise. The road, rather no road, was so rough that we found walking far more comfortable than being jolted in our wheeled cart. Our guide (?) left us and turned back. On inquiring the way to our next camp, we were always told that it was only a short distance. "Do you see that grove? The high road is just beyond that." On and on we trudged the live long day. Think you our little Mariam complained, or even said she was tired? Never; far from it. Not an opportunity did she lose to speak a good word to these we met on the way, or while we rested under some tree. She never forgot her bundle of tracts and gospels, but made good use of them.

The first cold season we were together, we visited her old childhood village, where she found many of her relatives still in darkness, and pleaded with them to accept the truth.

As we traveled, and during the evenings we spent together, she told me many interesting incidents of her life. It was in 1865, shortly after we arrived in India, that we first became acquainted with her father's family. One of our Santal school inspectors, while out on tour, was

awakened early one morning by a man who asked if he was a "Christ man." On being told that he was, the man said, "You are wanted in a village near by,"—the very village where we were in camp. The inspector followed him, and found four men who were anxious to learn of the new way. Mariam's father was the leader among them. For years he had been in search of the truth. He had wandered from one sacred shrine to another, but in vain. He found no peace. At last he was told that he was on the wrong road, but if he would return home, be married, and wait until a son was born to him, he would find what he sought for. I think it was during that time of waiting that the first ray of light dawned upon him. At a large market some missionary, probably my father, gave him a tract entitled "The Jewel Mine of Salvation." This he studied faithfully, and he told his neighbors what he had found. Three others joined him. From the tract he learned that the Sabbath was a sacred day among the Christian people. Hence they began meeting every Sabbath on the bank of a near by tank, where they worshipped the new God. This was the company our inspector found. The tract had done its work in their hearts. They wished to accept the truth. The inspector brought them to Midnapore where Dr. Bacheler and we lived. On examination it was decided that they were prepared to be received, and that it was best to baptize them in their own village. Dr. Bacheler and my brother, J. L. Phillips, returned with them and baptized them. This raised a storm of oppositior and persecution. One man offered fifty rupes for Dr. Bacheler's head. Years after, the doctor again visited this same village. The man who had wanted his head was lying at death's door. Dr. Bacheler called on him, and he was greatly surprised to think he would come to see him and show him such kindness. All four men with their families joined the Christian community.

From that company we have had some of our best workers. At the present time the daughter of one man received a good English education in Calcutta and has been the head mistress of our Christian Girl's School in Midnapore. The son of another man has been the pastor of

one of our largest churches, and is doing good work. Others have been helpers in various positions as teachers and Bible women. Surely God's promise in the fifty-fifth of Isaiah has been proved true: "Thy word shall not be returned unto me void, but shall accomplish that which I please."

At the time the families came to us, Mariam was a mere child. When she came of age, she married, and lived a happy life doing the work of a Bible reader. Then a deep sorrow came into their home. Their one little daughter was taken from them, and afterwards her husband died. Poor Mariam was stricken indeed. She saw no reason why she should live longer; she lost all interest in her work and in life itself. She shut herself up in her desolate home, doing nothing and eating nothing. Her friends became alarmed. Just how long this state of mind lasted, I do not remember. One day as she lay on her bed she said Jesus came to her in a visible form, and told her to get up and read the eighth of Romans, especially the latter part of it. She was greatly startled, but obeyed. She read, "**Nothing** can separate us from the love of God." It was enough. Surely there was still something worth living for. The clouds were lifted. She asked for food. Her friends were astonished at the change, and feared that she was insane. From that time to the present day, I think without a break, she has been an active worker in city, village, or home, wherever she could make herself understood, always ready to pass on the blessed message of salvation. May she long be spared to carry the light of the new life to those in darkness, and may hundreds more of a like spirit be raised up to follow in her footsteps. God bless our dear Mariam.



THE Y. W. C. A. CABINET TRAINING CONFERENCE

On the 25th of April, a Storer delegation consisting of five students and three faculty members went to Howard University to attend the first Week-end Cabinet Training Conference ever held for colored Y. W. C. A.'s. Although only four schools were represented, no pains had been spared to make this first venture a success.

What did it mean to us? First of all, a trip to Washington is no small treat to school girls and all of the four delegates whose expenses were met by the Association felt very grateful for the chance. Their departure to a Conference gave a little increase in dignity to the Association, which, heretofore, to some of the girls has meant little but an added Sunday meeting.

The welcome from those Howard girls, their evident love for their organization and feeling of responsibility for it, could not help but give our delegates a new idea of what a Y. W. C. A. may mean in College life, and was perhaps, a better demonstration than words could give. But the words were not lacking—such dignified inspiring ones from Dr. Durkee, Howard's new President, and from Dr. Miller of New York City! These were part of the welcome service Friday night.

Saturday was a full day. In the morning, Miss Mabel E. Store, secretary of Junior Colleges, gave us ideas of Committee Work, showing how each of the various tasks contributes directly to the three sided Association purpose, expressed by the well-known symbol of the blue triangle. The quiet inspirational time, the power center of the great Summer Conferences was not lacking in our little one; but I think came to each one of us in Miss Stone's talk on Prayer, and in the closing service Sunday morning, led by Miss Ruffin, of Richmond.

Our own secretary, Miss Catherine Sealtad, was with us in all the meetings. Through her we learned of the Central Organization—its beginning, leaders, and work, and by Stereopticon views were introduced to the joys of Summer Conferences and Y. W. Camp life. If pictures could not show us the Y. W. spirit, we certainly caught it Saturday even-

ing in Miss Tuck's hour of fun, when we learned the most delightful new games, and ended up with cheers for everybody.

The Storer Association needed this glimpse of what a live Y. W. C. A. can do in a school. Possibly the delegates will remember longest their new comradeship with the cabinet members of Howard and the Saturday afternoon Conference with them, just the girls working together in an effort to put in words the great opportunity before college students in these days.

May we all so live up to it in the coming year, that the Christian Associations shall assume their rightful place as the biggest factors in student life at Storer!

—STORER RECORD.

THE GOD IN YOUR HOME

BY MRS. E. C. CRONK

She was a dainty slip of a Japanese girl. Her bright, wondering almond eyes looked out in interested query at all things in the great, wonderful America. Eagerly she studied at the American college. The girls called her Cherry Blossom, for she seemed like a blossom from her favorite cherry tree, blown across the ocean by a wind from her own Sunrise Land. "She fairly absorbs knowledge, and adopts our American customs in the most charming way," wrote Ethel Clarkson to her mother, when she was begging permission to bring Cherry Blossom home with her for the holidays. When Christmas time came, dainty little Cherry Blossom was all aglow over the thought of spending the holidays with Ethel in her beautiful American home. She had been inside the great schools and colleges in America. She had seen the art galleries and the public buildings. She had been in many churches, but the thing she longed most of all to see, on the inside, was a Christian home.

The first Christmas time in America was a wonderful holiday session to the little Cherry Blossom from Japan, but soon the last of these vacation days came. Mrs. Clarkson stood in her library with her hands on the shoulders of the little Japanese girl she had learned to love as a daughter.

"Now tell me before you go, you dear little Cherry Blossom," she asked playfully, "how you like the way we American folks live. Are you homesick for a real, genuine bow? Are you weary of sitting on chairs, and sleeping in beds, and wearing shoes all day long and being bothered with knives, forks and spoons?"

The girl laughed merrily.

"Oh, I love it," she said, clapping her hands. "It is such fun trying to decide which spoon to take up the next one. Your home is wonderful."

Then her eyes grew suddenly wistful.

"But ——" she said, and hesitated.

"But what?" said Mrs. Clarkson, encouragingly.

"There's one thing I miss," said the girl, with a far away look in her eyes, that makes your home seem queer to me. You know I have been with you to your Church and I have seen you worship your God there. But I have missed the God in your home. You know, in Japan we have a god-shelf in every house with the gods right there in our home. Do not any Americans worship their God in their homes?"

All during the afternoon Mrs. Clarkson was strangely silent. The innocent question of her departing Japanese guest had gone straight to her heart with an overwhelming accusation. Back over the busy years her thoughts flew to those days when she first had a home of her own, and a time and a place for the worship of God in her home. Then the thousand distractions of a large household and a busy life had crowded in, and the God in her home had been crowded out. She had not meant that it should be so. As she thought of it all, a great longing filled her heart, and the light of a firm conviction filled her eyes. That day she talked with each member of her family alone, and that night the altar of her God was set up again in her home.

There it was that the little Cherry Blossom from Japan, on her next vacation visit, found the God in that home, and gave her heart to Him.

MISSIONS

"This poor earth-ball of ours ought to be our home instead of our world, and we ought to be all one family, not at all so large as not to be known to everybody," So said Catherine Breshkovsky, the "Little Grand-mother" of the Russian Revolution.

OCEAN PARK

TWELFTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE MISSIONARY EDUCATION MOVEMENT
under the auspices of
THE INTERCHURCH WORLD MOVEMENT
Ocean Park, Maine, July 18-27, 1919

Ten days of training for effective service in the local church—that is what Ocean Park means in New England today. It means opportunity for rest and recreation on one of the most beautiful and delightful beaches on the Atlantic Ocean. Here there are inspiration for richer living, and education for broader and more intelligent Christian work.

THE INTERCHURCH WORLD MOVEMENT was launched in December 1918. It is a federation of the various Protestant communions and denominations of North America. Its main purpose is to survey the world field and to prepare a united program of work which shall carry the steadily growing co-operation of recent years in the mission field on to the point of the most complete co-ordination which our separate organizations permit.

THE MISSIONARY EDUCATION MOVEMENT was recognized as one of the natural educational agencies in preparing the home church for its task, especially because of its already well organized summer conferences. These conferences therefore have been taken over by the Interchurch World Movement as the logical training centers for missionary leadership.

PROGRAM. The essential features of the former conferences of the Missionary Education Movement will be maintained. The mission study classes, courses in graded missionary instruction in the Sunday school, life work meetings and vesper services will have their usual place on the program. These will be supplemented by strong presentation of the work of the Interchurch Movement by some of the strongest leaders available.

RECREATION. The afternoons are reserved for recreation under the supervision of the Recreation Committee. Tennis-courts, ball grounds, the ocean, hikes, trolley rides—all present an opportunity for recreation.

EXPENSES. The registration fee to provide for program expenses, payable at the time of application is \$3.

Board and lodging varies from \$6.00 for the period, to \$20.00. An allowance should be made for extras. Arrangements can be made for the House Parties which materially reduce the expenses.

For further information and registration blanks address Mr. John P. Brodhead, Executive Secretary, Room 328, 6 Bacon Street, Boston.

THE DIFFERENCE IN RELIGION

"As for me, I think one religion is about as good as another. It's mostly a matter of climate and race and tradition."

"That's so," said the other man. "Christianity is sentimentally attractive. But what has it ever *done*?"

A man seated across the aisle, who had the air of a foreigner, suddenly leaned forward and said very politely; "Pardon, but your remarks which I could not help hearing, deeply interest me. May I say why?"

"Surely. Go ahead," the first speaker replied, looking curiously at the foreigner.

"Thank you, sir. I am an Armenian. I was born in Bitlis. Bitlis has about forty thousand people. Have you a town of that size you can think of in America?"

"Just the size of my own town," said the second man.

"Take your town, then, and call it Bitlis; and say of your town these things: no hospital, no doctor, no dentist, no church, except the mission and the Armenian, no press, no telephone, no sanitation, no water system, no nurse, no public school. And that is your town here in America. That is, you understand, my own town of Bitlis in Turkey.

"The one bright spot in my town is the Christian mission, which supports a dispensary and a school in the hope of life..... During the recent uprising against the Armenians, in which over three hundred thousand of them were massacred, the missionaries in Bitlis, aided by those in Van, at the risk of their lives, saved me from torture and death. All my relatives were murdered and our property was utterly destroyed. My wife and children were tortured and burned alive in my house.

"Do you wonder that I cannot agree with you that one religion is as good as another? Gentlemen, it is Christianity that has stretched out its healing hand to the tortured people of Europe, and after the war it will be the spirit of the Master that will build up life on the ghastly ruins. I am a witness of it."

The two men who had flippantly dismissed Christianity in two sentences, spent the next hour learning some wholesome truths about Christian missions and the heroes of the cross.—*The Youth's Companion*.

TREASURER'S NOTES

Words of appreciation from Miss H. L. Olson, New England District Treasurer:

"Dear Women of New England:

"What thanks can we render to God again for you, for all the joy wherewith we joy for your sakes before our God." (1 Thess. 3:9.)

For the splendid loyalty you have shown to us in your generous giving!

Last year we accepted as New England's Individual Gift Budget for year ending March 31, 1919, \$7340.50, and through your personal gifts our New England District has received up to the closing of our books \$16748.96; aside from that you have subscribed for two National Days in our Golden Jubilee Year * * * * *

Also many Bible Women have been assured of their support—through the giving of Individual Gifts * * * * *

I feel many of our women must have been living very near the Father—to have heard His call—and responded so generously."

From Rev. Wm. A. Hill, N. E. Dist. Secretary:—

"We gratefully acknowledge your offerings and wish to thank you and your church for the continuance of your support of our great missionary societies in answer to the call from overland and overseas.

As one army returns, another army goes forth, for the next great adventure of the Church of Christ is to mobilize and equip her new army for the extended service of the far flung battle line.

Our mission stations are now the acknowledged outposts of the new Christian civilization.

Your gifts help to enthrone Christ in the hearts and lives of men."

In order that we may set the right pace for this present year of service, the first quarter of which is closing June 30th, may we again remind you of the necessity of systematic, each-day, April, 1st—March 31st giv-

ing. To this end we quote from an editorial in a recent Watchman Examiner:

"Rev. W. A. Hill, joint district secretary for New England, has been making a careful study of this subject and finds—and this is the nub and marrow of this preachment which we hope will be carefully read and thoughtfully pondered—that in the year ending March 31, 1918, our missionary societies paid out in interest on borrowed money not less than \$15,000. Get that straight. In order to meet their necessary bills the societies were obliged to hand over to the banks \$15,000 for the use of money with which to do it. This was not an investment from which something might be realized sometime; it was not a contribution for the establishing of a new enterprise or the strengthening of an old one; it was just a dead loss that must be reckoned in the budget and made up by the churches the next year. That is, during the year from April 1, 1917, to March 31, 1918, the churches of the Northern Baptist Convention paid \$15,000 for the privilege of delaying their gifts for missions—the gifts that they knew they ought to make, and that they fully intended to make—until the very end of the year, instead of sending them in and putting them to use earlier. When we consider the great needs of the field, and how much might be done by any of the societies with that \$15,000, we cannot fail to characterize this course as essentially unbusinesslike, unreasonable, and costly.

The question is: Will our churches improve upon it this coming year? Or shall we wait until the end of the year, and then have more 'drives'? "

For what do our gifts provide?

"Northern Baptist on the foreign mission field maintain twenty-six hospitals and forty-six dispensaries, in charge of fifty-six medical missionaries, assisted by 152 American and native nurses. More than 99,000 patients received treatment during the past year. There are 2,696 schools, including six colleges, twenty-six seminaries, and training schools, with a total enrolment of over 87,000 pupils. Sunday Schools number 2,375, with 89,661 pupils. The missionaries have translated

the Bible into over thirty dialects and languages. Three printing plants publish Bibles, periodicals and other literature."

We have passed on recently words of commendation of some of the young women of Storer, so you will be interested to have the following special mention made of Miss Mary F. Parker, Class 1911, "who is making an excellent reputation working for the State of Massachusetts, and Miss Meta V. Evans, "a popular and efficient young school teacher."

Miss Parker,—assistent bacteriologist in the Board or Health Department at the State House, together with two other young women, was recently commended by Governor Coolidge for assisting in the rescue of a young man who was burned in an ether explosion at the State House. "If he lives it will be due largely to the prompt action of the three young women." Miss Evans, after making a record for scholarship and all-round ability in several higher institutions of learning, was appointed a teacher in local schools, and now "has received notice that she has been selected from a group of aspiring applicants to sail for 'over there,' to engage in Y. M. C. A. work."

What do you think?—Our Thank Offering invitations and envelopes gave out some time before the last order was received. Requests came in promptly and rapidly. We were glad for the indication thus given of the general observance of the Thank Offering, but sorry to have to say,— "all given out," in reply to late orders. Reports, direct and indirect, indicate large inspirational as well as dollars-and-cents returns.

We wonder if the T. O. of the Pittsfield, N. H., auxiliary is not one of the banner ones—\$80.00.—Mrs. Getchell, though recovering from an illness which still confines her to her home, directed the preparation of program, and rehearsed the children at her home.

The special gifts from Mrs. M. A. Doe of Meredith—\$200.00 for Bengal-Orissa, and \$100.00 for Storer—were made with the thought that "as money has seemed to have wings for the past four years, a gift would be better than bequests of the same amount." Tender memories of, and youthful comradeship with Rev. J. L. Sinclair and wife, prompted it. Sinclair Orphanage was thus named because of the generous contri-

bution of these two friends, for its establishment.

Most of this month's gifts are individual,—that of a **Maine** friend "now living on borrowed time; another of this state whose own personal interest prompted her to enlist her S. S. class in definite support of orphan; another, known simply as "**a friend**;" Miss Batchelder in N. H., who has usually been counted among Massachusetts givers; other N. H. friends,—one giving for Sustaining Fund of **Helper**, the other dividing her gift equally between Storer and Bengall-Orissa. * * * An important need is met in the gift of a **Massachusetts** friend,—for higher education of girls in India." * * * * The gift of the Marmon Valley, O., F. B. Church is individual, being accompanied by the request that it be so credited. * * * * It is the pleasure of the West Oshtemo auxiliary to designate their T. O. for the Life Membership of their beloved president, Mrs. D. O. Coleman. * * * * The letters which accompany the gifts of our loyal, long-time friends, Mrs. Hawley of Michigan, are always welcome. * * * * Wherever Dr. Butler of Minnesota may be, we know that a contribution from her will find its way to our treasury during the year. * * * * Our New England friend, Mrs. C. P. Griffin, now living in Colorado with her daughters, remembers our T. O. season with gift. She has been an interested member of our Society for many years. * * * * Mrs. Ware of Colorado gives in loving memory of her mother, in whose home she "heard much" about missions, and at whose dictation she many times penned letters to Dr. Ida Phillips, and others in the Bengal Field."

Haven't Miss Malvern and Miss Edgerly given us an interesting program for Annual Meeting, at Ocean Park, July 31st? Remember, it is a day earlier than usual. Can you afford to miss it? The wisdom of you each will be needed in our deliberations, during this session and the Board Meetings preceding.

Yours, anticipating a large attendance,

EDYTH R. PORTER,

47 Andover St., Peabody, Mass.

GENERAL SUBSCRIPTION AGENT'S NOTES.

This month I am going to pass over to our readers passages from letters that have come to our office within the last month.

From Tennessee comes a letter containing five dollars, and saying, "I am enclosing my mite for a Thank Offering. Use it as it will do the most good. We have so much to be thankful for."

Indeed we have much to be thankful for in this year of the signing of the armistice. Of course I applied the check on the Sustaining Fund.

From California a subscriber pays two years in advance and says, "The little Helper is always a welcome visitor."

From New Hampshire a subscriber whose name has been on our lists since 1879 sends a quarter on her subscription, and asks that her Helper be then discontinued. She explains it like this, "I have appreciated the Helper, but I am now taking Missions. I think we need to get a broad view of the work. After the Morning Star was dropped, I looked to the Helper to tell me more about our Bengal-Orissa field * *

* * I think that whatever is important concerning our India Field should be published in Missions. Then there would be no need of begging money for the Helper. I have been Subscription Agent for many years, but I do not expect to do that work this year. Each subscriber can act for herself. Please do not think me a fault finder. I am simply stating my attitude. I am deeply interested in Mission work, and desire to do what will bring the best results."

This letter gives us some things to think over very seriously.

From Michigan a subscription agent sends us nine renewals and four new subscriptions.

From Nebraska a subscriber enclosing a subscription writes, "I think I cannot do without the Helper. I have taken it ever since it was published, and I expect to take it while I live, or as long as it lives. I hope it will live forever."

Before another issue we shall have come together at Annual Meeting and discussed many things. The quotations I have given seem to me straws telling of winds blowing in many directions.

Yours cordially,

A. M. MOSHER.

AN AMERICANISM—WORK

America stands for work. Our forefathers came to a wilderness. Trees, rocks, wild animals, heat, cold and storms faced them. Every pioneer man and woman carried a gun in one hand and an ax in the other. They knew how to use both. They cleared the forest, built their homes, and laid the foundations of the America of today. They knew the value of things in terms of work. It was not who you were that counted. It was what you did.

When John Smith started Jamestown with a group of soft-handed gentlemen, there was trouble. These young men had never worked. They did not know how and they did not want to learn. But the country offered no place for idlers. There was nothing to eat unless you went after it. There was no shelter unless you made it. No clothing was on hand to replace the fine dress rapidly wearing out. It was work or starve. John Smith set them to work. The workers won out. The idle ones died or went away.

From the beginning America said, "Work."

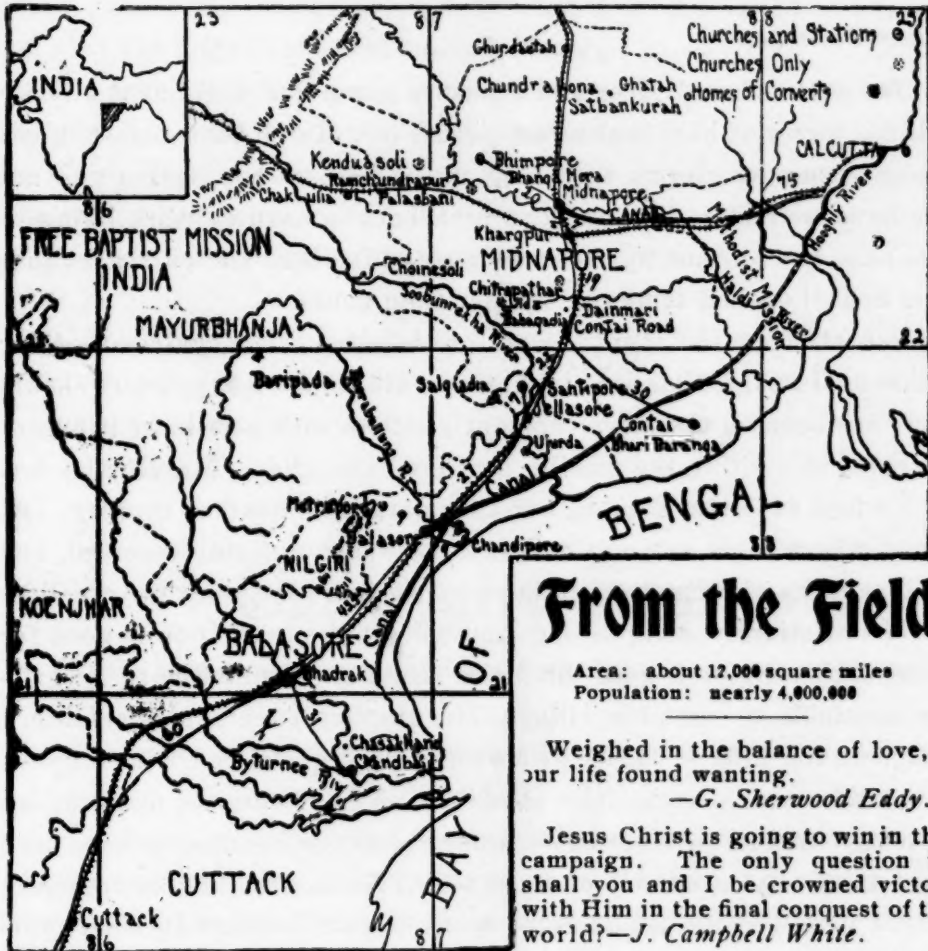
Today America stretches from sea to sea. Great railroads span the land between. Cities tower at the mouths of our harbors. Factories glow day and night turning out thousands of needful things. Our ships are in every harbor of the world. Our machines are used in every land. Our automobiles and airships cut down the distances and bring us closer to all the peoples of the world.

Work, work,, work, all done by the people of America. But the mrsterpieces of America are her human products, her men and women. Her lawyers sit in the grave councils of the nations, and their words are words of wisdom. Her doctors go out over the world carrying healing and comfort to suffering humanity. Her women keep step with the men. Her machinists, her workers, are carrying the world on their shoulders. They are America. It is not who you are that counts. It is what you do.

Yesterday America was at war. The whistle blew! Time! The job was done. America straightened her back, wiped her brow, and smiled. Peace had come.

Today America faces the biggest job of her history—the work of Peace. To it, America! Speed up your wheels, your ships, your soul?

All together, full steam ahead! It is not who you are that counts. It is what you do.—*Red Cross Magazine.*



"The heavens declare Thy glory, Lord,
In every star Thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold Thy word,
We read Thy name in fairer lines.

Thy Gospel heralds dare not rest,
Till through the world Thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light, or feel the sun."

—I WATTS.

STATION LETTER FROM MISS COOMBS

Dear Friends:

The cold season is over and Balasore is parched and burnt already with the waves of heat that sweep across it. March that usually gives us heavy thunder storms with refreshing coolness has passed and not once have we had a shower. The preachers in country work living in tents have had to come in, partly because of the heat and partly because Bible School opened somewhat earlier than usual.

Reports from the country work are hopeful. The chairman of our Evangelical Board, Natabor Singh, whom all Balasore supporters should know, has been on the move constantly either with parties of itinerant preachers or visiting the smaller scattered churches. Mr. Hartley has had his first experience among non-Christians in a heathen country. At Nilgiri where there are no Christians he was hospitably received, and had long talks with English-speaking gentlemen who admit the excellencies of Christianity, maintaining, however, that our religion is good for us and their religion is good for them. Having been invited by a Christian constable to visit his village, Mr. Hartley gave a magic lantern lecture on the Life of Christ which 250 persons attended. As a result of the cold season's work, there have been several baptisms, many Bibles and Bible portions have been sold, and large numbers of tracts have been distributed. In the opinion of Mr. Hartley, Hinduism is on the defensive.

We were greatly disappointed to learn that medical authority forbade Miss Gowen's return for at least another year. However we are glad to learn that others are under appointment for our field and hope some of them will be located in Balasore.

In the midst of this sore need of workers we have been called upon to part with one who had been a part of our mission nearly thirty years. Mr. and Mrs. Ager were living in Balasore temporarily while Mr. Ager was superintending the construction of the new Girl's School-house. On the ninth of December while preparing to take the train to Calcutta, Mrs. Ager was stricken and passed away within twenty-four

hours. For her it was an easy release; but it is hard for us and we can but wish she might have been spared longer.

We have lately had some excellent meetings by which the church, we hope, has been much benefited. Last week Mr. Pengern-Jones of the Welsh Presbyterian Mission, known all over India as a wonderfully inspirational preacher, gave us in three days such an uplift that we feel we can go in the strength of that meat for forty days.

Sincerely yours,

L. C. COOMBS.

Balasore, Bengal-Orissa,

March 30, 1919.

Our Quiet Hour

"Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you."

"The peace of God which passeth all understanding."

THE PEACE OF GOD.

You have perhaps heard these words resound in gentle cadence through vaulted aisles, falling upon the bowed heads of the people like snow-flakes of benediction. In the noblest ritual yet composed of man their place is high, and among the noblest of God's creations it should be higher still. Pause a moment over their meaning. The peace of God—the eternal quietude of the spirit; the unending restfulness of that inner part of the being which is not bound by mortal limits. It is the peace of God whereby we are led to a safe refuge from the world's unrest; whither we may turn and never seek comfort in vain. How many a weary soul, worn and tired with its struggle, has sought out that haven when the shadows fall at eventide and found there a joy which only they who have known can appreciate. How many, many thousands have passed and are passing to-day that frequent seat beside the road of life,

not knowing or seeing, but going on to the end of the long way, with only sighs and hard-drawn prayers. One step from the path and they would find that which is more constant than the sun, more full of love for man than nature itself, more plenteous than the air—for such is the peace of God.

We are put in this world, I believe, for some purpose beyond suffering, toiling, tiring, sighing, weeping. These gray and dull things have their place in life as the clouds have their place in the sky and the mists and fogs on land and sea. The time was when to my mind the thought of fog contained no possible source of good or blessing. The idea of drifting on the broad surface of the sea, not knowing whither or whence, nor what rock or hulk or bar might suddenly sound the death signal, was one bereft of all hope, so far as I could see. But having been thus surrounded once, and having felt as I did, man's utter helplessness and God's absolute power, I can no longer think of even the fog at sea as a hopeless thing. The words of the Cardinal's divine hymn have taken on a new meaning; the feeling that the Great Pilot is at the helm, and with his own hands is guiding whither He would the ship should go, is not barren of comfort nor of peace.

Few comparatively, may climb the steepes of material success; fewer gain the heights thereof. But to every living being is the possibility of peace—this peace that passeth all understanding. Suppose this day does not bring what we wished and prayed it should, what of that? Are there not to be other days, and does not each day bring us somewhat more than we deserve perhaps, or more even than we desired? Suppose we are for a time harrassed and encumbered by our own failings and weaknesses, what of this? Have we not always before us, well within our grasp, if we will reach out for it, the hope of at least some semblance to the eternal quietude of God's peace? What if one single day did bring us all we had hoped and prayed for—left no desire unfulfilled, no longing unsatisfied, no wish fruitless, what would life hold for us then? It is in the endless succession of new desires, new hopes, new prayers and new needs that we realize the great ends of living. We take no step,

however great, but some step higher appears before us; we reach no goal, it matters not how high, but a higher one rises in the distance, beckoning us on with all the allurements that helped us to the one already gained. It is all so human and withal so divine. It is the undeniable proof of eternity, of immortality. And as we go on from step to step, from goal to goal, we shall find each day easier and brighter if we set apart some portion of it for the calm and quiet contemplation of the really high things, the things that are not of the hour or the year, or the century, but of the everlasting. The hands will be better able to do their work; the heart stronger in hope, greater in courage; the spirit more ready to accept what comes, more willing to give what seems needed, if day by day we rest a little while in this arbor by the roadside, this vine-clad arbor wherein is the soft light of the "peace of God which passeth all understanding."

—The Peace of God by Leigh Mitchell Hodges

Where the many toil together, there am I among my own;
 Where the tired workman sleepeth, there am I with him alone;
 I, the peace that passeth knowledge, dwell amid the daily strife;
 I, the bread of heaven, am broken in the sacrament of life.
 Every task, however simple, sets the soul that does it free;
 Every deed of love and mercy done to men is done to me.
 Thou hast learned the peaceful secret; thou hast come to me for
 rest.

—Henry Van Dyke.)

"The love that lasts is satisfied with the joy of loving."



Juniors

YOUR FLAG AND MY FLAG

Your Flag and my Flag,
And how it flies today
In your land and my land,
And half a world away!
Rose-red and blood-red,
The stripes forever gleam,
Snow-white and soul-white—
The good forefather's dream;
Sky-blue and true blue,
With stars to gleam aright—
Glorified all else beside—
The Red, the Blue, the Whit.

Your Flag and my Flag!
And, oh, how much it holds—
Your land and my land—
Secure within its folds!
Your heart and my heart
Beat quicker at the sight;
Sun-kissed and wind-tossed,
Red and Blue and White,
The one Flag—the great Flag—
The Flag for me and you—
Glorified all else beside—
The Red and White and Blue.

Your Flag and my Flag!
To every star and stripe
The drums beat as hearts beat
And fifers shrilly pipe!
Your Flag and my Flag—
A blessing in the sky,
Your hope and my hope—
It never hid a lie!
Home land and far land
And half the world around,
Old glory hears our glad salute
And ripples to the ground.

—Wilbur S. Nesbit.

A FOURTH OF JULY STORY

"Mother, may I go to the State House and help grandfather?" asked the boy.

"Yes, indeed, son, if thy grandfather needs thee."

"Indeed I do, daughter; my old legs grow weary trotting about these days, and each day the meetings are longer while our wise men are discussing our rights to liberty."

"Dost thou think they will sign the letter to the king today, grandfather?" asked the boy eagerly.

"That no man can tell. Truly 'tis a bold thing to do; but the king

hath brought it upon himself, and the time has come for us to declare our independence."

"Then it may happen today. Oh, I am so glad to go with thee, grandfather, and I will help thee all I can!"

And the old sexton and his grandson took their way over to the State House.

"The City of Brotherly Love" was usually very quiet and peaceful, but today all was confusion and noise as the people swarmed down the streets talking about the important paper: "Will they sign it today?" "Do they dare?" "It is very wrong." "No, neighbor, thou art wrong. It is a just deed."

Although the hour was early, crowds were pressing close about the doors of the State House, and the old sexton and his grandson had difficulty in reaching the hall. The large room was opened and aired. The young lad and his grandfather dusted the chairs and set things to rights on the table. As the grandfather brought fresh ink and sharpened the quill pens he said solemnly: "These tools will be used today in the freeing of a country."

Then the delegates filed into the great hall, and as they took their places the grandfather led the boy aside and pointed out the various members of Congress:

"That man who has just seated himself in the tall chair behind the table is John Hancock, the President of Congress; and the young man standing near him is Thomas Jefferson. He was the one chosen to draft the paper, and then he read it to his committee—John Adams, who is sitting over there; Roger Sherman, Robert Livingstone, and our own Benjamin Franklin. This committee approved of the paper, as presented by Jefferson and, with a few changes, they submitted it to Congress, and day after day they have spent discussing it; but mark my word, lad, this day, July 4, 1776, will end our weary waiting.

"Now, I will tell thee our plan: When the paper is signed they wish the news spread to all the waiting people outside; so I will climb to the bell tower, ready to ring the great bell. Thou must wait below here in

the hall, and when they tell thee it is signed, thee must run with all good speed and give me the signal to ring the bell. Come, lad, to the bell tower, and I will show thee where I will stand."

The boy followed his grandfather to the bell tower and there he gazed at the bell hanging high overhead. "I can see words on the side of it, grandfather," said the boy. "Dost thou know what it says?"

"Yea, child, verily, the words are these: 'Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof.'"

"Oh!" said the boy, his eyes shining with enthusiasm. "And that is what the great bell will do when I give thee the signal. It is truly a liberty bell, is it not grandfather?"

"Yes, lad; but run to thy post; the signal may come at any moment."

All day long they waited while an eager and impatient crowd surged through the street; and all day long the earnest men discussed the important question and answered the roll call of the separate states. At last they made it a unanimous vote, and one after another came to the desk and signed his name.

John Hancock, President of the Congress, was the first to sign. He dipped his pen far down into the ink and wrote his name in large black letters; and as he did so he said: "There, John Bull can read my name without spectacles. Now let him double the price on my head, for this is my defiance." Then he turned about, and, looking at the other members of Congress, said: "We must be unanimous; there must be no pulling different ways—we must all hang together."

"Yes," said Franklin, his eyes twinkling with humor, "we must all hang together or most assuredly we shall all hang separately."

Finally the Declaration of Independence was signed, and one of the members went to the door and whispered to the little lad who had waited so patiently outside in the hall. The boy fairly bounded up the staircase and, as he ran, he called loudly:

"Ring, ring, grandfather, ring! Ring out for liberty!"

The old man grasped the bell rope, and soon the iron tongue was

striking the great bell and its deep tones were pealing out upon the air. Surely it did "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof"; and truly now it was a liberty bell.

—Selected.



THE UNSEEN PRESENCE

It was a bright October day, and a man was riding on horseback through a bit of timber land in one of the cotton states of the South. All at once he came across a bit of a clearing in the trees, and in the clearing an old cabin almost fallen to pieces. In the doorway of the cabin an old negress was standing. Her back was bent nearly double with the years of hard work, her face dried up, and her hair white; but her eyes were as bright as two stars out of the dark blue. And the man called out cheerily, "Good morning, Auntie. Living here all alone?" The old woman looked up, with her eyes brighter yet with the thought in her heart, as she replied, "Yes, me'n Jesus, massa." But he said a hush came over the whole place; there seemed a halo about the old cabin. How poor and limited and mean her world had looked to him as he rode! But how quickly everything had changed as he saw it through her way of seeing it! Her world was changed and beautiful in the loneliness of the woods by reason of her Master's presence.

DR. S. D. GORDON
Tarbell's Teachers Guide, 1918.

Contributions

F. B. WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY

Receipts for May 1919

All money, including Thank Offerings, intended for church apportionment credit, should be sent to District Treasurers and Joint Secretaries, Home and Foreign; but gifts not intended for church apportionment may still be sent to the Treasury of F. B. W. M. Society, and such gifts, when so specified, may be applied on life membership.

MAINE

Litchfield, Mrs Emily T Smith, T O . . . \$ 1 00
Newport, High St Church Bible Class
for support child in S O . . . 4 00
Newport, High Street Ch, Mrs Elizabeth
Kinney for Haramonie, S O . . . 2 00
'A Friend,' for Contingent Fund . . . 1 00

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Lakeport, Miss I M Batchelder for
Bengal-Orissa \$15.00; Storer, \$15.00 . 30 00
Lakeport, Aux, Cole Fund income for
Widows' Home, Balasore . . . 12 50
New Hampton, Mrs Elizabeth Hayes
Cox, for Sustaining Fund, *Helper* . 2 00
Newmarket, Mrs Francena Elkins, $\frac{1}{2}$
Bengal-Orissa; $\frac{1}{2}$ Storer . . . 5 00
Pittsfield, F B Ch Young People's Mis-
sion Band for Pittsfield School, Bal
Aux for Bengal-Orissa . . . 25 00
" " Storer College . . . 20 00
" " *Missionary Helper* . . . 10 00
" " dues, $\frac{1}{2}$ Bengal-Orissa; .
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Storer . . . 4 00

MASSACHUSETTS

'A Friend,' for higher education girls,
India . . . 5 00

OHIO

Marmon Valley, F B Ch, $\frac{1}{2}$ Bengal-Orissa;
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Storer . . . 50 00

MICHIGAN

Perry, Mrs Mahala J Hawley, Sustaining
Fund *Helper*, \$1.00; T O for Dr
Mary's work S O, \$1.00; T O Storer
College, \$1.00; salary Mrs Holder,
\$1.00 . . . 4 00
W Oshtemo, F B W M S, $\frac{1}{2}$ Bengal-Orissa
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Storer; for L M F B W M S, Mrs
D O Coleman . . . 25 00

MINNESOTA

Anoka, Mary E Butler, M D, $\frac{1}{2}$ Pengal-
Orissa; $\frac{1}{2}$ Storer . . . 18 00

COLORADO

Boulder, Mrs C P Griffin, T O . . . 5 00
Durango, Mrs H F Ware in loving mem-
ory Mrs M J Sanford, Bowdoinham
Ridge, Me . . . 5 00

MISCELLANEOUS

Income:
Babb Fund for Bengal-Orissa . . . 5 56
Clynick " " child, S O . . . 11 25
Dyer " " child, S O . . . 2 25
Gen'l Funds for Balasore work . . . 20 92
Grover Fund for child, S O . . . 25 78
Moulton Fund for Gori, Balasore . . 16 63
Phillips Fund for salary, Mrs Holder . 4 25
Widows' Home, Balasore . . . 4 04

\$328 18

Special: Meredith, N H
Miss Maria Adelaide Poe for S O,
Balasore, India \$200.00; for Storer
College, \$100.00 . . . 300 00

\$628 18

EDYTH R. PORTER, Treas.
47 Andover St., Peabody, Mass.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give and bequeath the sum of — to the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society, incorporated under the laws of the State of Maine.

